

Bang, Bang In the Background

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Summary: RvB. One wore red, one wore blue. One shot the other down.

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****A/N:**** Well, if this isn't a confusing sad one, I don't know what is. This is a bit vague and confusing on purpose. The ending should be obvious, though. You know, I would call this tragedy. Yup.

> ****Genre:**** Drama/Suspense/Tragedy/Romance

> ****Pairings: ****Up to the reader.

> ****Rating: ****M for death and violence

> ****Summary:**** One wore red, one wore blue. One shot the other down.

> ****Warnings: ****Death, violence, language, slash, and a chilling death song.

> ****Disclaimer: ****I don't own the song "_Bang, Bang My Baby Shot Me Down_" by Nancy Sinatra, both of which, while never really quoted, are mentioned in here. Also, Red vs. Blue is definitely not mine. Unfortunately.

Bang, Bang In the Background

Nancy Sinatra's haunting voice filled the air with an equally chilling melody. He gave a small, grim smile at the appropriateness of the song as he tumbled backwards, the ground seeming so far away.

When, finally, he was laying on his back on the hard rock and clumps of dirt, the other man stood over him. He looked down, vague remorse and complete disgust (at him or what he had done? Or at what he hadn't done? Or at what they had done together?) in his unhidden emerald eyes. They were glossy and it took a moment for the fallen man to realize why; he was crying.

Nancy Sinatra was singing the powerful chorus as he tried reaching up to wipe the tears away. The other man's face was too far away,

however, and he could only let it drop. His energy was wearing thin, as was his hold on reality.

Smiling up at the still-standing man, he dryly whispered, "Mine." He gave a small chuckle, causing him to gasp and spit out blood.

"Do you think this is a game?" he yelled. The (physically) uninjured man glared down harshly at the other soldier (could he be called that when he disobeyed orders?) who only began to laugh and choked on his own blood.

"Stop it! Stop it, goddamn it! We're not playing anymore! You're going to die! You're dying!"

Suddenly, it hit them both like a fucking bullet. They had stood across from each other in a standoff. It wasn't unusual, save for the fact that this time one or both had to pull the trigger. And the soldier standing above the other man had. He had followed orders, the man on his back hadn't, and he had a bullet in him. And he was dying. Fucking dying and Nancy Sinatra was singing in the background. Her love hadn't bothered to lie, and neither had his.

It was better for both that he hadn't, that he wouldn't.

Nancy Sinatra's voice was beautiful, hauntingly so. Even when she was being shot down, even when her love laughed at her, even when the church bells rang but he was gone without a goodbye or even a lie and

He could still hear the phantom ringing of that awful(ly beautiful) sound as his eyes closed once more, the last time they ever would. And the last thing he heard was her voice fading out and the last thing he saw was the other man's beautiful emerald-colored, tear-filled eyes.

End
file.